A FREE WEEK  
  
this story is an urge for freedom, to be cast upon a wish, for happiness as long as we live.  
France, 4/6/1654. Rose Barker was a royal, but not a happy one at all, her mother and father had decided to lock her up on the 7th floor of their castle, I guess they thought it would have been better for her as things in parliament were not running smooth. Everyday she’d sit by the window singing songs of freedom as she hadn’t had. There were guards ordered to protect her all around her room, apparently they were under strict words to never let her out of her room, every 4 hours there was a slave who brought her in a meal.   
“Meeee”, it had been so long since she had heard such a noise, perhaps it was the first time she had heard this, was there something bad in her room….  
well no, there wasn’t it was just a silly cat dripping water on her window pane. She rushed to find the key so she could let the poor thing in, but where was it to be found? In a dream she had a couple of nights ago, she remembered “The key” of course, for her birthday, a couple of years ago a box in the shape of a key had been given to her, all the guards had tried to open it for her that day but it literally was un-open able, “When you open this for the first time, you will know you can do anything” said her mother on the day she was given this box. So that meant that she was to put all her heart and strength into it, she clawed at it for hours on end until… success, the box had snapped in half, and there was the key, pure gold as Rose’s eyes saw it, by the time Rose had raced to the window the cat was about to jump. “St op” she said opening the window, I think the cat must of heard her because the cat froze, turned around and came inside.   
“Knock knock” came a noise from the door; it was time for her breakfast, one of the meals she got every 4 hours, Rose hid the cat in her dolly pram while the maid/ slave came in with a tray full of delicious meals just for Rose. “Bonjour” said the slave or maid as she was ordered to be called. When Rose was all alone she put a chair under the door handle so not even a key could open it. She cuddled up towards the cat and fell asleep… “I must find a place to sit and dream, of far away lands, where only I and this cat can be, a place where stars will shine, a glimpse of moonlight, but why does it have to be so hard can’t you see, I’m a human, and I want a life outside of these walls. I wish that all these damn bricks will fall, so I can run far away and dream for the rest of today” Rose stopped singing as her cat grew hungry, Rose was the type of girl that could understand animals, either it was her kind heart or that she was gifted. She knew that the car was thirsty so she used the cup of milk that came with her breakfast. Sip by sip the cat drank away until all the milk was in the cat’s stomach. “Hey, where are you going?” asked rose as the cat jumped out of her hands and jumped towards some clothes; they looked like the slaves uniforms. “Maybe I could disguise myself as a maid” she thought, maybe this was her ticket to freedom but “Quick”, a maid had come to collect her breakfast tray and make her bed, I have an idea, she said, I’ll use this after the maid/slave leaves.  
 She got out a whistle that she had been given to her by her old friends, (that is before she was locked away) the whistle sounded, and in less than 1 minute, all 12 of her friends had come with a rag for some reason. Rose opened the window, grabbed the cat and jumped out; she landed safely on the rag that was stretched out. “Go go go” screamed one of Roses 12 friends. They ran like a murderer was chasing them.  
Into the night, on they ran, Rose had never ever felt so happy; I mean I would have been exhilarated if my friends had come to rescue me. “Hey, they’ve kidnapped royal property” shouted one of the guards.  
Rose and her 12 friends ran faster and faster each step.

“Where shall we go?” asked Annie, she was one of Roses closest friends” “I think I got an idea” replied Charles Huntingford III, he was almost considered Roses boyfriend, but if you knew them really well you’d know that they have been friends for 16, and they were 17, so that meant a long, long time.  
“We’ll go to saint Finnegan’s castle, it’s an abandoned castle but there are many places we could all hide.”  
so they set off to saint Finnegan’s castle. They cat’s fur had all dried up, I think the cat must of liked Rose because he trotted along side with her. As they had all arrived at the door Rose had fell to the ground, bang, straight to the ground, in one second they were dragging Rose onto the table of saint Finnegan’s castle. “Breathe Rose” they all shouted at one time. “It’s not working” Annie shouted.  
Kingston grabbed a jug of water and poured it all over Rose’s face….  
IT WORKED! Hooray but it did take a couple of hours, by now the time was 11 at night. All of them were asleep.  
5/6/1654. “Good morning star shine, the earth says hello, you twinkle above us, while we twinkle below, good morning star shine, we’ll compliment you, if your star shine runs out, we’d know what to do” sang Rose. “They are not even the right words, Rose” added Annie.  
Charles had a look on his face that meant he had an idea. “What is it Charles?” asked Annie. Charles never liked to tell them what he was thinking but this was a life or death situation seeing that they had stole a royal and if they were caught… DEATH.   
Everyone in Europe knew the law: “ROSE ROYAL IS NOT TO BE SEEN, HEARD OR TO HAVE ANY FRIENDS: PENALTY: HEAD REMOVED BY GUILITINE.  
see back in those days, punishments were a lot harder, if you stole something you would be guilty until proven innocent where as in our days it innocent until proven guilty.  
“Shhhhhh” said Magee, “I think there are guards surrounding the towers” he explained.  
“Come out little preciousness’, we know you’re in there and we only want…”  
“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh” the guards had ripped down the walls and oh no, they’d taken everyone except Rose. “Rose, don’t feel bad, run, just run” shouted Madeline. Ho much worse could it of gotten, I mean they should of just taken rose but I guess she had to do what she was told. Rose ran for kilometers on end until she stopped, she was at the river, there were all her friends, they were now slaves, being whipped if they talked, Rose didn’t want to see this. ”Leave them alone” she cried, “We will let them go if you return” shouted one of the guards across the river. He pulled out his whip and shouted “Kneel for the royal highness” the king had entered the room “How could you dad?” said Rose with a tear in the corner of her eye. “Oh I could, I knew it would be best for you to be never seen but oh no, you had to be free” he replied, right then, right there the king fell into the river as Rose, hang on a second there, Rose had thrown a stone. That was the decoy. Rose ran with a saw, cut the chains and all of them escaped while the guards fetched the king out of the water. “Run” Rose shouted as they all escaped.  
“I will flee to England as my parents would never look there” “But Rose, we have families” said Charles and then he left, Rose had only 11 friends now. “So do we” said Magee and Annie then they left. Rose had never had 12 friends, she lied about it all, she was living with lies, and she had no other friends except the cat. She had told her parents she had 12 friends just so they’d think she’s so popular and that she was the best of them all. It got to the point where Rose was tired of living like that so that’s how the story began and stuff but please, lets just concentrate on this story. Rose was determined to live a different life, that night she dreamt that…nothing, she couldn’t remember it, it was not like her at all to forget a dream.  
6/6/1654. Rose woke, the cat was gone, she was all alone.  
“I was a disgrace, why am I here, I don’t deserve friends, sad as though it is, I feel so bad, not glad, just purely sad, how silly is be, what can be done to help me” sang Rose with water from her eyes dripping down her cheeks. This was it, she didn’t even last a week, her parents were right to lock her up.  
Rose then got in line for a carriage to take her to England. About half an hour later Rose stepped into a cab with another man in it, he mustn’t have minded that they shared the carriage. “Ya know I once saw a soul” screamed Rose. “Ahhh, get out” replied, well screamed the man. “Help me” said Rose “I’ll help you” said the man, he pulled out a bell from his bag and “DING-A-LING- A-LING” it went silent…  
“Oh my gosh, the man in the carriage was a guard from…home” everyday life was a plan to catch Rose.

7/6/2008  
“HUH” WAS IT ALL A DREAM? “Good morning sweet heart” said Rose’s mum.

How do I know this all? I’m the narrator who dreamt it all up

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